

## Edward Hunter

That is how Mao Tse-tung is probably soliloquizing today. An appraisal of the situation in Asia

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through his eyes would go far to show us where we actually stand, and at this stage of Western confusion, could give us a basis for our planning. We could thereby use the enemy's strategists against himself. Our innocents in the international arena, lacking any other measure, might at least use Soviet Russia's preferences and dislikes as a guide in reverse.

If we looked over the Asia situation through Chinese Communist eyes, the first thing we would see would be Asia as a whole, instead of focusing on Korea, Indo-China, Malaya, Burma, Indonesia, India, or any other single area that appears most menaced at the moment. We would regard each of these countries as only one sector on the long, single front, and we would understand

that nothing was decisive on any of these sectors except as it influenced the whole front.

If I were Mao Tse-tung, so long as I could maintain turbulence in any one sector of the Far East, I would consider I was getting ahead. What happened in any one sector would merely constitute a lull or a battle, not a truce or a war. I would know that even a startling defeat in any one sector need not be final, but only a fluctuation on a war front, like the temporary loss of the Philippines to Japan in World War Two.

THE MAIN OBJECTIVE is an all-Asia physical and economic bleeding operation. This is fundamental strategy, to which everything else is subordinated. So long as this strategy can be continued, failure on any sector can be accepted by Mao with equanimity, as of diversionary importance alone. If this strategy were upset, success in any one sector would be equally incomplete (as in Germany's conquest of Norway).

Today this bleeding tactic is being pursued everywhere according to plan. Malaya is an excellent example of how skillfully it has worked. Rarely were enough Britons killed on any one day to warrant even a five-line item in an English, much less an American, newspaper. The small figure involved kept the Anglo-Saxon public from realizing how critical the situation was. Mao knew

that these often were not just ordinary Britons who were being slain, who could be replaced by any national service draftee from home. They were, many of them, jungle specialists, who had spent years in that part of the world, were physiologically fitted for the highly individualistic disciplines of jungle life, had acquired facility in native tongues. One such officer can be the difference between the success or failure of an entire military campaign in Southeast Asia or the South Pacific.

Mao therefore knew why he deliberately kept his guerrilla forces in Malaya at a maximum of only a few thousand. That number was sufficient to keep the pot boiling, and yet not enough to arouse the West both to see through his quiet tactic, and do something about it.

The important thing was always to avoid the mistake of letting this situation become acute enough so that the West might catch on to the tactic and take action on a scale that would endanger its continuation. The setting had not yet been prepared for the *coup de grace* against the West by Mao Tse-tung's unbled "Big Brother."

Mao's goal, of course, as he and his Peking colleagues have often expressed it in Communist terminology, is the conquest of all Asia, as part of the encirclement and suffocation policy toward the main enemy, the United States.

So, if I were Mao Tse-tung, I would use all my acumen to maintain a balance. I would play the various sectors like a giant organ. I would arouse a feeling of encouragement when discouragement had become so serious as to threaten a drastic reaction. I would evoke a feeling of discouragement when the elation in turn had become equally menacing.

This is merely the extension to Asia as a whole of the military tactic that brought about the fall of the entire Chinese mainland. Malayan guerrillas were accordingly informed by their political commissars that no matter what their setbacks because of their inferiority in numbers and supplies the sacrifice was but temporary — for they were part of a tremendous front, which itself was only one of several fronts, with the vast Soviet Russian military strength in reserve.

And this strength, Mao has assured his sectors in such isolated areas as Malaya, the Philippines, Indonesia, is invincible. For jungle fighters this is the most convincing of all arguments. This is the kind of pep talk they fall for. Let the Western intellectuals be above such sentimental nonsense; Mao knows better. He knows how to exploit the sacrificial trait inherent in young men and women.

If I were Mao Tse-tung, Korea would seem to be a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose proposition. Of course,

I would prefer to keep the truce negotiations going on indefinitely for their war-of-nerves effect, as well as their value in the slow bleeding of the enemy. But I would be prepared for the fact that eventually the United States would call a halt on all the talkie-talk. So I would be satisfied with the victory I had gained so far, and agree to suspend the shooting stage of the Korean fighting as a small sacrifice on my part to avoid arousing the enemy to the definite, over-all showdown that Moscow obviously wanted me to avoid.

AS MAO TSE-TUNG, I would add up the Korean accounts as a clear victory on my side. Among other things, my countrymen, even many of those Chinese most opposed to my regime and to Communism, could not help but feel a thrill of pride over the fact that Chinese soldiers, men of Chinese blood like themselves, had held up the combined forces of the United Nations and kept the powerful American Army, Navy, and Air Force from driving them out of Korea. Almost every Asian, in fact, would have a tone of pride in his voice as he criticized my intervention. The help to me in building up the morale of Asia's sincere and well-meaning nationalists was incalculable. It tipped the scales. This would remove from my mind any worry about the technical legality of the thirty-eighth

parallel and the indubitable fact that the Americans had forced the Communists back and beyond that parallel. I would know that this was not how it looked to my fellow Asians. What they saw was that yellow-skinned, slant-eyed soldiers had held the white race at bay. This racial slant was dynamite in my hands. The Japanese had laid the framework for its use in their half-century-long Pan Asia Movement. I expect to reap the harvest of my attempt.

**I**F I WERE MAO TSE-TUNG, I would feel particularly confident over my progress in Indonesia, probably the world's most naturally rich country, where the Western fable of Jack's seed becoming a giant beanstalk overnight almost seems true. The Chinese minority controlled the financial structure of this inexperienced republic, with all the opportunities this gave for influencing politics and controlling the press. Civil strife consequently ensued. In this instance I understood, however, that the time had not yet come for insurrections on the Filipino scale.

I learned from the Japanese how to keep a new country from ever settling down, by supporting any side in any controversy just enough to give it new life whenever it was about to be liquidated. If you keep this up long enough, any government will collapse. Had I not as-

sisted in the Japanese application of this technique to China? Given time, this technique will work in Indonesia too.

I feel equally at ease over ultimate results in Thailand. At my instigation, the pot was simmering there. The Chinese minority was in absolute control of economics, also able to pull strings in Parliament enough to stymie an undesired project if it couldn't defeat it entirely.

I had several million wartime refugees from Indo-China living up near that border, close to China. These were of Chinese blood, and felt isolated among the Thais, and so long as I didn't spread my propaganda openly in the Thai language, which these border folk didn't understand, anyway, I was not being interfered with.

Burma, I know, is following India's lead, and India is led by simple propaganda pressures, by appeals to India's baser racial and bazaar instincts, so long as these are expressed in pious eloquence. The Indian government, of course, must not be embarrassed by a direct frontal attack. I would get nowhere, for the Indian glibness with language can explain just about everything away. Is Tibet a better example? Surely nobody in Asia missed its meaning. Behind the screen of the pseudo-liberal vocabulary I detest, I was able to take over all of Tibet. India's peace talk sounded fine in Western ears. There

was no war, was there? And I got what I was after.

THE AMERICAN AID PROGRAM constituted another field which I, as the leader of Soviet Asia, viewed with satisfaction. Moscow had given me the lead by boldly attacking American aid as an imperialist trick intended to hoodwink the receiver into servility. Nobody likes to have to receive aid. If there is no other expedient but to do so, if the receiver can be given the chance to malign the giver as impelled by a selfish, ulterior purpose, he can perhaps persuade himself that he is doing the giver a favor by taking his money and gifts. With American help this has been easy to manipulate. For the Americans were readily persuaded that it would be crude of them to claim credit for such activity, that they would be sissies if they gave the impression there was any idealism attached to it — although they must be aware of the magic the word “spiritual” carries in the East. It was simple, therefore, to brand them sheer materialists whose every move was calculated in dollars and cents.

This led naturally to the most effective slogan in my economic bleeding tactic, the one that did the greatest damage to the purpose of the whole aid program. This was the “no strings attached” cry. Whoever heard before, in the history of the world, in relations between indi-

viduals or nations, of anybody or any organization or country giving a loan without some string attached? The use to which a loan is to be applied is always part of the deal, whether friendly or commercial. No individual would think of making a loan if he did not feel assured that the money would be used for the purpose indicated, and that it surely would not be used against the interests of the giver. The “no strings attached” idea was a stroke of genius.

In another little maneuver of mine, America was also helpful beyond my highest expectations. America agreed to grant aid only on a government-to-government basis, instead of allowing American enterprise to develop personal initiative among the peoples of the newly freed lands — for example, by facilitating loans from American enterprises to these individuals, with the consent of their governments, with provisions for these enterprises to belong to those persons once the loans are paid back. This was nearer to socialism than capitalism, but nevertheless I succeeded in branding it as capitalist imperialism and thus the Americans got all the obloquy connected with that term without the advantages of an actual promotion of private enterprise.

I have succeeded in turning “capital” into a dirty word — a four-letter sort of word — in making capitalism a synonym for imperial-

ism, and identifying both in an Asian's mind with the word America, so that he always thinks of the three together. This is no small victory; maybe my most spectacular.

This tactic has been so successful that throughout 1950 in Indonesia, suffering acutely from lack of capital, without which the country is doomed to become a banana republic ripe for Communism, not a single American private project could be put across, and virtually everything American done through government channels had to be concealed from the Indonesian people. This so-called "neutralism" or "independent policy" was greatly to my advantage.

IF I WERE MAO TSE-TUNG, I would be encouraged, too, by the manner in which the impression has spread in Asia, especially in countries still outside the Soviet bloc, that the basic conflict between two opposite ways of life is merely the rivalry of two great Powers, and that the safest and wisest procedure is to steer clear of becoming involved. Such a policy, followed by new nations born out of the war, jealously striving to guard their hard-won sovereignties, was no small victory. Their government leaders know that to join the Soviet orbit would be their suicide. They have no alternative but to take America's side. But they aren't doing so. Could any victory be the more pro-

nounced? Encouraged by the "no strings attached" psychology into believing they can have their cake and eat it too, they are easily penetrated from the inside, for I — Mao — have no hesitancy in branding my side all good and the other side all evil, threatening them with dire consequences if they run counter to my wishes. Why should they, when my enemy makes the way so easy for them?

So long as this goes on, I can relax comfortably in my Forbidden City quarters. These destructive slogans, "no strings attached" and "non-interference," have become so successful as to sound quite natural even to the Americans, who to my eternal amazement will fall for any apt phrase, so long as it has a double-talk meaning that can lull them into the prideful calm of being "sugar daddy" to the world. This pat label, "sugar daddy," for instance, is used by Americans boastfully, although it denotes a sucker. Yes, the Americans have given me a valuable insight into the most vulnerable aspect of their character.

The satisfactory progress of the American aid program is also evidenced by the indignation and fury I hear about among the recipients over any suggestion to discontinue the aid, and the insistence that once given, the United States has the responsibility of continuing it in ever-increasing amounts. A vested interest is being developed in Amer-

ican aid. The original American idea, of course, was to undertake a pump-priming operation for long-range planning. Our objective was to convert this into a simple dole, of a short-range nature, whenever we failed to prevent it entirely. Whoever receives a dole is likely to become angry and turn on the giver if the hand-outs cease while he still needs them. My friends can make sure that the need remains constant.

There was no great difficulty in encouraging a rivalry between the recipients, giving one the impression that the other was receiving more. How well this operates was shown on such occasions as when the British Commonwealth nations attempted to vote their gratitude to the United States for aid given, and Pakistan in effect vetoed the proposal out of pique because it considered it had not received a proportionately large enough donation. This sort of irritation is all to the good.

Perhaps my most spectacular propaganda victory during the past year has been my nullification of the value of the atom bomb to the Americans. Wholly by psychological warfare, I have made it impossible — impossible, I say — for the United States to use the atom bomb in Asia. I am confident of this. The Stockholm peace petition, which I made sure was signed by almost everybody in China, several times by many, and which I have loudly

publicized throughout Asia, has created a state of mind so antagonistic to the dropping of the atom bomb by American troops that the American government would not dare use it for fear that whatever advantage this new military weapon gave it in any one war sector would be lost by the violent reaction of the people elsewhere.

Stalin and I have even enlisted America's European allies as a party to this pressure. I am confident, therefore, that I can proceed with my All-Asia War without any fear that this most deadly of modern military weapons can be taken out of cold storage by the Americans. Meanwhile, I can look ahead with the confidence that our side will have no such scruples if "Big Brother" is called in to help us. Why should I hesitate; why worry?

AS I SURVEY THE ASIA SITUATION, I come upon another great advantage for my side. I need have no qualms about expending lives. Let the West, with its small population fear to utilize its manpower the same as it would any other piece of equipment. Westerners are, after all, individualists; I am not. This is my form of birth control, and it has the added advantage of achieving a political purpose. I can reap a propaganda harvest, too, by passing the onus for the wholesale destruction of lives onto my enemy. The simple-minded people who must die will

seek a scapegoat, and being powerless in my direction, will vent their frustration against the West in the form of mad hatred. We have seen this already in Korea. This, on top of washed brains, is unbeatable. I can use coolie labor, too, that the West does not possess, hundreds and hundreds of thousands of coolies, from sundown to dawn and dawn to sundown, their shoulders bent under the weight of war supplies for my Indo-Chinese allies, or any others. I can use this excess population like limitless processions of ants going over the hills, loading them with supplies and walking them along thin, almost inaccessible paths. Such ant lines are inconspicuous, unlike supplies sent by train, truck, ship, or plane.

**T**HUS SUMMARIZING the Asia situation, I can feel sure of myself, completely sure of myself, through all of Asia.

Yet not through all of Asia! Funny that I should feel most concerned over the country where I have achieved my most overwhelming victory, China. Surely my thought reform campaigns, which the people so understandably call brain-washing, which makes minds too tired to resist ideas that serve my purpose; my land reform, which liquidates all those who manage to rise out of the common level to a point where bourgeois sentiments might creep back into them; my

orchestration of the intellectuals, which gives each his pin-pointed role in my society; my anti-corruption campaigns, that permeate all ranks of my party; the donation drives that drain away money people might spend on personal comfort — the dangerous seed of individualism; my production drives that keep all hands busy and bodies too fatigued to get into mischief; and my absorption of all students in an educational system that is actually a mighty recruitment campaign, during which they hear and learn only what is best for them to believe.

Surely all of this should make my land the safest spot in Asia for communism. But it is not. In spite of this tremendous superiority I possess in the tools that control mind and body, reactionary elements persist. Bandits keep appearing in the most unlikely places.

Give me time, and I shall crush them all. This is what I require, time, during which I would not be interfered with in my work within China's vast mainland. Granted this, I cannot lose. I cannot push the masses too far, too fast. Too fast would be disastrous. By every psychological tactic, I must avoid this mistake of pushing people that little bit too much which makes the difference between indifference and desperation.

Who would have believed that so few years after I had the mainland



of China all to myself there would be bandit-suppression drives on so wide a scale, and anti-corruption campaigns in every locality? Can it be that the enemy, too, has thought of this tactic of keeping the pot boiling? Surely not; the enemy is too dumb, too permeated by criss-cross currents of petty bourgeois sentimentalism and legalisms to be able to do so, even if it wished. His liberal traditions make it impossible for him to implement such a policy. No, I can feel safe; perfectly safe, in my China. What am I worrying about?

Doesn't Moscow show me the way? Hasn't the Kremlin sent tens of thousands of Soviet Russians to China to guide us? Hasn't Stalin achieved socialism in his own country, so that he is ready to start toward the ultimate goal of communism? We are just striving toward socialism. Aren't we Chinese, as taught in our textbooks, justified in feeling that the greatest patriotism a Chinese can demonstrate for his country would be to support Soviet Russia in all matters? We live or die with Stalin.

Soviet Russian advisers are perfectly right in instructing us Chinese in detail on how to live our lives and how and where to die.

I wonder, though, I wonder if I would have felt this way almost a quarter of a century ago, when I led my 8,000-mile Long March? I couldn't undertake such a march

today. I am too old; look at my face. My face is flabby now. Like a woman's face. No, I could not undertake such a march today.

If I were the young man I was almost a quarter of a century ago, and the Soviet Russians had taken the control of China in the way they have today, would I have consented? Would I have revolted?

**WHAT AM I THINKING ABOUT?**  
How can I allow such a thought to enter my head? My career is behind me, and I will go down in history on this past. Could I voluntarily denounce my whole past, like those Kuomintang lackeys I put on exhibition in self-accusation trials? No, I am Stalin's, his forever, inextricably bound to him by the years. He is my leader.

I have always been a Stalinist. Those clever Americans who rewrote my writings and misquoted me to conceal my indelible link to Stalin did their job well. But they gave a false impression of me to the Western world.

What is this going through my mind? How can I permit such thoughts to seep into my head, here in this comfortable salon in the Imperial City, even for a second?

I wonder if subversive thoughts like this ever enter Stalin's mind. Does he ever toy with the thought that he, too, might revolt? Against whom, or what? He, too, like me, may feel a prisoner at times.

Crazy ideas! Maybe a brain-washing from time to time would do me good, too. Maybe everybody needs a brain-washing, everybody.

Can anybody be trusted? How can anybody be trusted if even I can think a subversive thought? How can anybody be trusted?

Everybody's brain must be re-formed. That is not enough; everybody's brain must be re-reformed, and re-reformed again. Everybody's. Nobody can be trusted. We must work fast. We are fighting against time. We must work fast, faster, always faster.

If even I can have a subversive thought, or Stalin himself, then the

only safety is in the purge, in the purge of the masses and in the purge of party ranks, in brain-washing between purges, and brain-washing simultaneous with purges.

Aren't all people human? Aren't all humans only clay? Dialectical materialism proves that all people are no more than clay. How can any human being be trusted? Faster . . . faster . . .

Yes, if I were Mao Tse-tung, this is how I would think. This is what would go through my mind.

I am not Mao Tse-tung; true enough. But I, like he, am human, and all humans are susceptible to human thought.

## ***The Ties of Self-interest***

Politically the ties between Communist Russia and Communist China are closer and older than those between Moscow and any other Communist country, or foreign Communist Party. The Chinese Communist Party for more than two decades has proved itself in both word and deed more completely subservient to Moscow than any other . . .

The leaders of Communist China are obviously bound to Soviet Russia by their interests as well as by their ideology. Both the tremendous gains they can expect to win by maintaining their quarter-century ties with Russia, and the certainty that they could no more hope to survive if Soviet Russia went down to defeat, than Japan could survive the collapse of Nazi Germany, link the Chinese Communists to their Russian mentors by the strongest of all ties: self-interest and fear of destruction.

FREDA UTLEY, *in THE CHINA STORY, Henry Regnery, 1951*